

The Rutherford Star.

"BE SURE YOU ARE RIGHT AND THEN GO AHEAD."—DAVY CROCKETT.

VOL. IV.

RUTHERFORDTON, N. C. SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1870.

NO. 26

Professional Cards

Dr. J. W. DePASS,
SURGEON DENTIST,
RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.

Continues the practice of his profession in this, and the surrounding country. All work neatly executed, and warranted. Teeth extracted without pain, by the use of Chloroform.

Will complete the unfinished Dental work of Dr. B. H. Padgett, deceased. Best references furnished on application. Office at Dr. Duffy's old stand. 25-41.

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Collections promptly attended to. 3-1y.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW,
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Will give prompt attention to all business entrusted to his care.

Particular attention given to collections in both Superior and Justice's Courts.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW,
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Collections made in any part of the State if possible. 16-611.

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Attorney at Law,
RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.

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ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS
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Will practice in all the Courts of Western North Carolina, in the Supreme Courts of the State and in the District, Circuit and Supreme Courts of the United States. 16-611.

DR. J. W. HARRIS,
WILL GIVE PROMPT ATTENTION to all Professional calls and hopes to merit a continuance of his long established practice.

Has constantly on hand a fine supply of PURE DRUGS at his office in Rutherfordton. 2-21.

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CONTINUES the practice of Medicine, Surgery and Midwifery, in Rutherfordton and the surrounding counties. Charges moderate. 16-132.

W. M. SHIPP,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
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Will attend to all business entrusted to his care in the 13th Judicial District. Collections made in all parts of the State. 45-1y.

H. CABANISS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
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Will practice in the Courts of Rutherford, Cleveland and Gaston. 45-1y.

J. M. JUSTICE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.

Will practice in the Courts of Polk, Rutherford and O. 16-41.

John T. Butler,
PRACTICAL

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MAKER AND JEWELER, &c.,
Main St., Charlotte, N. C.

Dealer in Fine Watches and Clocks, Jewellery, Spectacles and Watch Materials, &c.

Fine Watches, Clocks and Jewellery of every description repaired and warranted for twelve months.

Work left at the VINCINATOR Office will be forwarded at my expense. 45-11.

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In Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Dye

Stuffs, Chemicals, Window Glass, Lamps,

Lamp Chimneys, &c.

Corner Trade & College Sts.,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.

Inducter copy 11. 45-1y.

GROVER & BAKER'S

FIRST PREMIUM

ELASTIC STITCH

MACHINES,

St. Baltimore St., Baltimore, Md.

POINTS OF EXCELLENCE.—Beauty and

Elasticity of Stitch. Perfection and

Simplicity of Machinery. Using both threads

directly from the spools. No fastening of seams

by hand and no waste of time. Wide range

of application without change of adjustment.

The seam retains its beauty and firmness after

washing and ironing. Besides doing all kinds

of work done by other Sewing Machines, these

Machines execute the most beautiful and per-

manent Embroidery and ornamental work.

16-1y.

CHARLOTTE HOTEL,

W. M. MATTHEWS & SON,

PROPRIETORS,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.

MAKE this method of returning their

sincere thanks to their friends and the

public generally for the very liberal manner

in which their House has been patronized

under the charge of Matthews & Staggall, and

pledge themselves that no pains shall be

spared to make their patrons comfortable.

Their table shall be furnished with the very

The Name in the Sand.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

Alone I walked the ocean strand,
A pebbly shell was in my hand;
I stooped and wrote upon the sand
My name, the year and date;
As onward from the spot I passed;
One lingering look behind I cast,
A wave came rolling high and fast,
And washed my lines away.

And to methought 'twill quickly be
With every mark on earth from me
A wave of dark oblivion's sea
Will sweep across the place
Where I have trod the sandy shore
Of Time, and been to me no more;
Oh me, my day, the name I bore,
To leave no track or trace.

And yet with him who counts the sands,
And holds the water in his hands,
I know a lasting record stands
Inscribed against my name,
Of all this mortal part has wrought,
Of all this thinking soul has thought,
And from these fleeting moments caught,
For glory or for shame.

ORIGINAL STORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE RUTHERFORD STAR.

MAGGIE MINTON'S TRIUMPH,

OR

"IF IT HAD NOT BEEN."

BY KELLIE NIGHTINGALE.

PART I.

Come to-morrow at five Little Ella's.

The last Music Lesson was given, the last Pupil had gone, and at six o'clock Maggie Minton's days work was done. She sat for some moments looking down, thoughtfully at the figures in the carpet, and then with a weary sigh arose and walked to the only window, of her little music room. It was not a handsome face, that looked out of that second story window, that tall slender form clad in black, with its queenly little head, its round smooth face, and sad sweet smile, and the bright brown eyes, were never spoken of now as pretty.

But reader, let us watch for one moment, that sad face, gazing down upon the crowded street, and then afar out over the hills to the setting sun. See those brown eyes flash. Now with the light of love, now with a determined look as if a subject of much importance was passing through that quiet lady's mind.

Six months previous to the opening of our story Judge Minton lay on his dying bed. His devoted wife and only child Maggie, alone were with him.

"My child said the dying man, your Father's life is fast going out, soon I shall have passed from death unto Life everlasting and I have much to say to you."

"My own, my darling Maggie, you are now the betrothed wife of Charles Lingard, and at the expiration of one year are to be his Bride."

"Yes Father!"

"My child the man you are so soon to wed, is of your own choice, you love him with all the devotion of your young heart."

"Yes my Father and we shall be very happy together."

"I am satisfied," and taking from beneath his pillow, a small brass rimed box, he placed it in the hands of Maggie saying, this my child I leave to you, "its of little worth but all I have to give do not open until one year from to-night, your wedding night."

And now my wife, my child farewell, and with one fond parting look, one bright smile, the spirit of Judge Minton, fled to its giver.

Little remained of Judge Minton's vast estates. After his creditors were paid, (to the surprise of all,) for his wife and child, a small cottage neatly furnished, in the suburbs of the flourishing city of C— alone was theirs. This was indeed a sad blow to Maggie, who had been reared in affluence, not knowing what it was to battle with the cold and heartless world. Still she had a brave little heart, and at once determined to do something to alleviate her mother's troubles.

So two months after her father's death, she rented and furnished a little room, on one of the principal streets, and commenced teaching music, and drawing.

And now let us return to Maggie, as she stood looking down upon the busy world below her, thinking of her former home, and her once bright prospects.

Just six months since papa died, she soliloquizes, and how different everything is, Charles is so changed too. I will write to him

to-night, and tell him he is free. O! can it be that he too has forgotten me so soon. Her reverie here was broken by the Postman's loud rap, on his evening round.

Good evening, Miss Maggie, was the respectful salutation, a letter for you. How well she knew that plain bold hand, and as she broke the seal, she thought none could write her name as prettily as he could. Back again to the window, and there sitting in the twilight, she reads the cruel letter, that separates her forever from the only man she has ever loved. See how eagerly she reads again, and again, those cruel words, see those bright eyes tremble, and hear the weary moan, that at last escapes from those parted lips.

Maggie Minton looked once more out into the thickly gathering darkness, then with a quick nervous start, took down her water-proof cloak, put on her little straw hat, and was soon hurrying down the stairs, out on the busy street, on her way home, tripping along, unmindful of the hurrying to, and fro, of home returning pedestrians and the busy world about her.

It was indeed a bright cheerful little home, that one Maggie was going to, with its cool parlor, and cozy arm chair. The long French windows, draped with the finest of lace curtains, and its bright pictures gave it such an air of comfort. And then in an adjoining room, the daintily spread table with its silver, and china had such an inviting appearance, truly this was home, so thought Maggie as she shut the gate and walked up the long gravel walk shaded on either side by tall aspens, which seemed to sigh, and whisper in the ear more solemnly than at any previous time.

"Ah! Maggie," said Mrs. Minton, "you are late this evening, how is this my darling?"

"You know, mother Ella Stanley does not come until five now, which makes me some late than usual."

Maggie put away her cloak and hat, brushed the hair more loosely from her heated brow, and then sat down to the dainty meal prepared by loving hands.

"My daughter you are ill to-night," said Mrs. Minton, noticing for the first time her child's troubled countenance.

"No, Mother," was the quiet reply, "I am not ill, but I have received a letter from Charles this evening, which although expected has troubled me some," and then she laid the letter in her mother's hand.

Mrs. Minton was grieved and shocked at the contents of this letter, but she was an even minded woman, and thought what had happened was all for the best, knowing now, that Charles Lingard was not worthy of the child, and his object in first addressing her had been this: He thought her heiress to all the vast estate Judge Minton was supposed to own. And when the news came that she was penniless, he wrote the letter asking to be released from his engagement.

This was the love he had given Maggie. And she, in return, had given him the purest, truest, affection woman ever gave to man, looking upon him as an embodiment of all that was good and noble.

PART II.

"Mother, please call me early in the morning, I have a new pupil at eight, and must be up early," said Maggie that night previous to retiring. Then she stole away to her own little room, to ponder over what had happened and read again that heartless missive; then seating herself by the window, she looked out into the beautiful moonlight night. Oh! how lonely she was, how she longed to lay her aching head down where it could rest and soothe its wild throbbing. Oh! this would not have been, if papa had not died, she moaned, and still she realized now, the truly unworthiness of her lover.

At an early hour the following morning Maggie was on her way to the music room. None would have thought by the light quick step, and smiling face, that she had thrown aside the previous day her first, and only love. At eight o'clock came Maggie's new pupil—a maiden lady of uncertain age, who struggled faithfully

for one hour, over crochets, and quavers, with Maggie as a meek little instructor. This over, other scholars came in their turn until six o'clock came, when a little light pit-a-pat sounded on the stairs, followed by a step less light, and more manly. This was the way papa said the bird-like voice of little Ella Stanley as she bounded into the music room, followed by that gentleman.

With a low bow, Mr. Stanley recognized his daughter's teacher. Then casting an inquiring look about the room said:

"Miss Minton I believe Mr. Ella's term expires to-day, and I have called to pay you for the coming quarter, provided you will take your little charge for another term."

"Certainly, Mr. Stanley, Ella and I, are fast friends and it would be cruel to part us now."

"Yes papa," interposed the enthusiastic Ella, "I love Miss Maggie better than any one in the world excepting you." Mr. Stanley smiled at this remark, and with another stately inclination of the head and a pleasant, good afternoon, left pupil and teacher to pursue the lessons of the hour.

Ella was quite enthusiastic in the praises of her father that afternoon, and this theme too, seemed to interest our Maggie more than it was her custom to be interested in her pupils merry chat. She told her too, how her dear mama had died when she was a wee little baby, and now she was a great big girl, eight years old. And she told her how lonesome she was in the great home on the hill, with no one for company but the old house keeper.

The lesson over, both were soon on their way home, Ella heaving in the same direction as did her teacher.

In his beautiful mansion on the hill, surrounded by the luxuries of this life, at his library window, Mr. Stanley looking out, saw his little daughter kiss her teacher good-night—saw the slight willowy form of Maggie Minton ascend the long hill, and pass out of sight.

"Papa," said little Ella, that night, as she nestled her head of golden curls against her father's shoulder, and curled herself up in his lap, for an evening nap—"Don't you think Miss Maggie is the sweetest lady that ever was?"

"Yes my child she is a very nice lady," "Nice papa, why I think she is an angel, and I mean to give her something nice next Christmas, and invite her here to dinner, won't that be jolly," and with these thoughts of coming joys, uppermost in her wee little head, she fell asleep, leaving her father to take up the theme of Maggie's good qualities, and future enjoyment in the little lady's company, for he should himself, invite her to come and dine with them.

PART III.

Reader, we will now pass over six months of Maggie's new life, and again we find her standing at the window of her little music room, looking down upon the busy crowded street, and then afar out over the hills, one slender arm, and hand is on the window, and against it, reclines that queenly head with its wealth of rich brown hair. That face wears now a sadder lonelier look than before, for another sorrow is upon her. Mrs. Minton is now an invalid.

Just one year to-night since papa died. Again she soliloquizes. And this was to have been my wedding night. One year to-night, but oh, to me it has been years, and dear mother has been ill so long, and how little I am permitted to do, to alleviate her sufferings.

One year of toil had taught our heroine the power of gold, and the deep respect and attention it demanded. One short year, sufficed to teach her the lesson, the poor and lonely only knew. And how often in that short time had her strength almost forsook her. And how many, were the sad lone hours passed at her little music room. And how very many times she wished "it had not been," not knowing that even now, the dawn was breaking.

"Ho, Charlie, who are those two ladies stopping at the Mansion House," asked George Earl of his companion Charles Lingard, as they strolled lazily along the beach at Long Branch, smoking their Meerschaums.

"Don't know George, all I can learn is, they are just from Europe, where they have been traveling some years, and the younger lady is an heiress. By the way, she looks some like an old sweet heart of mine, that I had quite a flirtation with, while in C—, she was to be heiress to all her father's property, but the old man died, and did not own a cent, so she is now as poor as a church mouse."

"But I must get an introduction, as she seems to be creating quite an excitement here. What if I could make an impression on the ladies mind, and win my fortune at one sweep. If I old boy what say you?"

That same night long after the inmates of the Mansion House had sunk into repose, Maggie Minton, for it was she, stood by the window of the elegant suit of rooms, meditating over by-gone years, and sorrows past, for she had that day seen and recognized her old friend Mr. Lingard. Although he had failed to see in the tall stately lady the object of his heartless flirtation. Five years of travel with her invalid mother, had changed our Maggie from an affectionate loving girlhood, into a cool calculating woman. And now she stood by her easement, wondering what was best for her to do, leave Long Branch, and its pleasures, or stay there and meet again the man she had once so loved, and revive again those memories she had hoped were banished forever.

How her heart throbbed as she thought of those days, and oh, the blushes that crowded round her heart when she remembered his unfaithfulness, and she thought too, of her father's careful love in box, to leave her the unworthiness, or worthiness, of her lover, as this rose had surely done.

And to teach her the lesson the rich do not care to learn, of others sorrows—of others hardships, feeling confident that this would inspire in her a sympathy for others, and that in after life she would sow seeds of kindness, and finish the work he had left.

So two evenings later, when she entered the long parlors, with her mother leaning on her arm, she seemed to have forgotten that there were any present that she knew.

Nor when an hour later, Mr. Lingard requested an introduction did she refuse. None present noticed the blush, and confusion of that gentleman, as he bent low over the little white hand she had suffered him to take. None present could hear the great thumps of his cowardly heart, as he offered his arm for a promenade on the veranda.

Very beautiful and queen-like she looked, walking to, and fro, with her long trailing robe of pink satin, falling like fresh rose leaves around her. And that evening she received a second offer of marriage from the truant lover, who endeavored to make her believe that he had been true, and had not written the heartless letter she had received.

And there in the bright moonlight, she told of her past sorrows, and how as soon as she discovered her hidden fortune, she left the city of C—, and its sad memories, and with her mother sailed for Europe, where she had spent five happy years in traveling—telling him plainly, that as much as she once loved, she despised him now.

And then with a pleasant good evening, she left him, knowing that she had had her triumph.

Oh! Miss Maggie, can it be that I have found you at last, it was the same bird voice of Ella Stanley that spoke as she bounded forward and was clasped in her teacher's arms. "I cannot tell you how much we have missed you," she continued, almost out of breath "since you left Aspen Cottage, so suddenly, and papa and I have been looking all over for you."

And then Maggie told her how often she had written to her but received no answer. After these explanations, Ella was satisfied, and it was indeed a happy party that spent the remainder of the evening in Maggie's parlor.

Mr. Stanley too, like his little daughter had long looked for the little figure in black, and it is unnecessary to say that he gave

them a hearty welcome, as the many walks, and drives would testify, that they all enjoyed in the happy weeks that followed.

And when the aspen leaves were sighing, and whispering their sad farewell to earth, Maggie now Mrs. Stanley visited again this cottage home, and as they bent low over her head and whispered again their welcoming, as in other days, she knew she was happier than, "if it had not been."

A man residing in Dundee, Scotland, has a son in this country, from whom he had not heard for several years until recently, when he received a letter containing the intelligence that he had got married. The father had himself within the last few years married a second wife, who had also been previously married. Shortly after her first husband's death, the brother of the deceased brought one of the widow's daughters out here along with himself and wife, they having no family. It now turns out that the son whom the father has not heard has married the daughter of this widow whom the father had previously courted.

A lady says engagements are very unsatisfactory sort of affairs, for if you are not very polite and attentive the gentleman thinks you do not care for him, and you are afraid to be polite for fear the engagement might sometime be broken off, when you would be sorry to think you had wasted so much man's husband.

The reason that more men do not marry is because the very wedding itself is such an expense that few men can afford it. There are the presents for the bride, cards, clothes, groomsmen's presents, church hire, awning, music, and the wedding tour, all of which would cost, at the lowest estimation, nearly two thousand dollars.

A Winsted (Connecticut) lady was some time ago struck by lightning, and lay for hours unconscious, dead to all human appearance. She distinctly heard her friends declare she was "unquestionably dead" and she would have been buried alive had her brother not insisted (while the bystanders laughed him to scorn) upon hoping and waiting and working for her restoration, which he at length accomplished.

There is shortly to arrive in Paris a dwarf aged about fifty years, having a beard reaching to his feet, with only one arm and a completely bald head. He possesses two million francs, (four hundred thousand dollars,) which he is willing to share with any young girl, about twenty years old, who is good-tempered and pretty.

Mrs. H—, a young mother, was exhibiting with considerable pride to a number of admiring friends her first baby—Finally approaching little Dan, a boy of five years, the happy parent said: "Dan isn't this a dear little baby?" Dan hesitated a moment, turned up his eyes, and answered: "Yes, but it's bald-headed."

Charles—"Tell me Laura, why that sadness? Tell me why that look of care? Why has fled that look of gladness that thy face was wont to wear?" "Charles, 'tis useless to dissemble; well my face may wear a frown, for I've lost my largest hair-pin, and my chignon's coming down."

A Detroit lady complains that her husband has a fancy to "gaze lovingly upon her while holding her out at arm's length by the hair, caressing her cheeks in a way that lifts her clear across the parlor without a come down until she stops for good."

A young lady, who was rebuked by her mother for kissing her intended justified the act by quoting the passage—"Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do even so to them."

A shoddy dame in Northern New York late a domestic, in ordering silver ware, desired the astonished clerk to have her "entrails, B. M., engraved on each piece."

A lady received among her wedding presents three sewing machines, six large family Bibles, and ten ice-pitchers.

A lady who uses paint should never go in the sun, or indulge in sea bathing as both will have a dreadful effect upon the complexion.

William, thee knows I never call anybody names; but, William, if the Mayor of the city were to come to me, and say, "Joshua, I want thee to find me the biggest liar in all Baltimore," I would come to thee and put my hand on thy shoulder, and say to thee, "William, the Mayor's name is Jones."

"I meant to have told you of that hole," said a gentleman to his friend who was walking with him in his garden, and stumbled into a pit full of water. "No matter," said the friend, blowing the mud and water out of his mouth, "I've found it."

An Irishman went to live in Scotland for a short time, but didn't like the country. "I was sick all the time I was there," said he; "and if I had lived there till this time, I'd been dead a year ago!"

Boston boasts of a man who, on his hundredth birthday, ordered a pair of shoes, saying he wanted them stoutly made.—The shoemaker remarked that he might not live to wear them out; but his customer sharply retorted that he began this hundred years a good deal stouter than he did the last.

An Irishman writing a sketch of his life, says he early ran away from his father, because he discovered he was only his uncle!

A student in want of money sold all his books and wrote home: "Father, rejoice, for I now derive my support from literature."

HAPPY IN HIS NEW SHIRT.—"I say, boy, why do you whistle so gaily?" "Because I'm so happy mister."

"What makes you so happy?" "Cause I've got a new shirt; look-a-here, ain't it nice?" "It don't look very new.—What is it made of?"

"Why, 'tis new, 'cause mam made it yesterday out of dad's old 'un!"

"And what was dad's old 'un made of?"

"Why, one of granny's old sheets, what her mam give her."

A German musician out West drank fifty glasses of lager beer within an hour, the other day. The coroner's name was Jones.

THE STAR

RUTHERFORDTON N. C.
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.
LOCAL AND STATE.

Agents.
The following persons are authorized and requested to receive subscriptions, job work and advertising for the Star.
Geo. P. Rowell & Co., New York.
S. M. Pennington & Co., New York.
C. C. Vest, Murphy, N. C.; Andrew Hamilton, Spruce Pine, N. C.; J. B. Duncan, Marion, N. C.; J. F. Logan, Jefferson, N. C.; N. B. Hampton, Columbus, N. C.; W. A. McCall, North Cove, N. C.; J. E. McFarland, Danvers, N. C.; J. C. Smith, McCurry, Golden Valley, N. C.; R. E. Wilson, Patton, N. C.; M. H. Freeman, Logansport, N. C.; J. A. V. Higginbotham, Raleigh, N. C.; J. C. Ketter, Cuba, N. C.; W. B. Wilson, Chimney Rock, N. C.; R. W. H. Logan, Hills Creek, N. C.; W. M. Latham, Jefferson, N. C.; Walker, Evans & Cogswell, Charleston, S. C.; W. L. Rogers, Gains Landing, Ark.

THE CHARLOTTE OBSERVER.
Francis Justice Esq., for some time editor of this paper has retired from that position.

U. S. CIRCUIT COURT.—This Court will open at Morganton next Monday. His Honor Judge Brooks to preside.

REVIVAL.—Rev. C. B. Justice closed a protracted meeting at Eloy's Creek Church on Thursday last, which had been in progress for thirteen days. We learn that forty joined the church, and were baptised at Island Ford on Thursday morning.

MAGGIE MINTON'S TRIUMPH.—On our first page we give quite an interesting story, written by our Ohio correspondent, to whom we are indebted for several original articles lately. She wields a pen with a fascination and fluency which causes all who commence her articles, to read them through. We hope to be able to give our readers in the future, more from her pen than in the past.

SUPREME COURT.—The Supreme Court of North Carolina adjourned on the 2nd inst., having been in session for about two months; 123 cases were argued and disposed of by the court.

The cases from this county were disposed of as follows:

Portman et al., vs. Williams et al., continued to next term.

Parker, vs. Carson—Judgment affirmed.

Made, vs. Long—a new trial was granted.

NORWAY OATS.—We sowed very late last Spring one peck of these Oats on something over half acre of ground, and it being very rich, we lost by a heavy growth of weeds. After the Oats were harvested, hogs got to the Oats and eat, we do not know how many, but when we had them thrashed, and cleaned, we measured up ten bushels.

We believe Norway Oats will be a success in this country, and shall be glad to notice any experiments our friends may make with them.

SPARTANBURG MAIL ROUTE.—Through the influence of Hon. A. H. Jones, our Representative in Congress, a post road has been established between this place and Spartanburg, S. C. Services will no doubt be ordered soon.

We shall be glad to see the mails start on this route, and hope it will be a tri-weekly mail, as Spartanburg is an important point with us to be reached by mail facilities, as much of the trade of this county goes there.

THE WAR IN EUROPE.—We give in to-day's paper such news as we have in regard to the war between France and Prussia. We have no very strong prejudices in the fight, believing it to be a war between the aristocracy, and one in which the common people feel but little interest. Yet we shall try and keep up with all important moves, and give our readers what is going on as a matter of gossip.

A Soldier's opinion of Col. Kirk.

(From the N. Y. Tribune.)

Sir: I have noticed recently in some of the issues of the Tribune, statements from others, rather tending to mislead the public in regard to one Col. Kirk of North Carolina, who now seems operating pretty vigorously against the people in certain sections of that State.

Permit me to state that I knew Col. Kirk when he was

in command of the Third North Carolina Union Volunteer Regiment composed principally of fugitive Union men from Western North Carolina and Tennessee, and I knew him to be of the right character to mete out even-handed justice to those in his country who were Rebel guerrillas during the war, and who now largely compose the "Kuklux." I was a fugitive from a rebel prison late in the Autumn of 1864, and with several comrades was scouting my way to the Union lines, and passed through the field of his operations, being for a day under protection of his command when near Knoxville, Tenn. Among the true blue Unionists of Western North Carolina and Eastern Tennessee Col. Kirk was their right-hand man, leader, and protector. In many instances he thoroughly whipped organized bodies of these Rebel outlaws, much more numerous than his command present at these combats and was indeed a perfect terror to these miscreants, these enemies of mankind.

I have no doubt that he is doing in his State as good service to-day in his earnest efforts to sustain law as he was the General Government at the period when I first became acquainted with his character and operations. I feel well assured that he will molest no law-abiding citizens of his State, and that he knows the status of those with whom he is now reported as dealing summarily. I think "he is the right man in the place," and that our Northern Republicans ought to back him against the whole array of traducers and slanderers. If it is necessary I can bring the best of cumulative evidence that we all ought to stand by this conspicuously gallant and efficient officer, who ever the friend and protector of Unionists, and the deadly, uncompromising enemy of their infamous oppressors. I can forgive a brave enemy, but these outlaws I have a never-ending hatred for on good grounds, for their atrocious record compares in enormity only with that of such fiends as our savage brethren, Red Cloud and his band; and moreover, without the shadow of a reason for it, while the Indians has some basis for his conduct toward the white.

Yours in spirit and in truth,

HORACE H. WALPOLE,

Late Colonel 122d N. Y. I. F.,

Sedwick's Sixth Corps.

Syracuse, N. Y., July 23, 1870.

News Items.

RICMOND, August 3.—Hon. Charles H. Porter was this morning nominated by the Republican Convention here for re-election to Congress.

The State Journal, the Republican organ, repudiates the action of the Congressional Convention which nominated Porter to-day for re-election to Congress claiming that he was nominated by the proscriptive portion of the Republican party who wish to keep liberal men out of it.

NORFOLK, August 3.—At the Radical-Republican Convention held to-day in Portsmouth, James H. Platt, Jr., the present member of Congress from the second district, was nominated by nearly a unanimous vote for re-election.

Foreign News.

PARIS, August 3.—The Journal Official, of this morning, declares that the present war is not against Germany nor against King William, but against Bismarck. The Journal regrets that the Prussian King submits to the domination of this violent and unscrupulous minister.

Napoleon has ordered the release of correspondents imprisoned at Metz.

Dr. Nelaton has gone to headquarters of the army to organize an ambulance system.

La Posse says the declaration of Grammont regarding the neutrality of Belgium, which was recently sent to London, will soon be communicated to parliament. A captain in the Prussian army, who claimed to be a Belgian has been arrested here. The Emperor is now busy improving soldiers' uniforms, which will be made much lighter.

Garde Mobiliers are going forward to Chancellors as fast as possible. The people there receive them with great enthusiasm. The Moniteur says there will be no fête in Paris on the 15th of August this year. The Empress will not go to the front on a visit as reported.

It is rumored that England and the United States are urging negotiations whereby Hamburg and Bremen shall be kept open ports, during the war.

London details of the Saarbrücken fight says, it began at 11 o'clock yesterday forenoon. The French passed the frontier in force; the Prussians were driven from their strong position, by a sharp artillery fire of the French. The latter remained master of the position which they had won without serious loss. The Emperor and Prince Imperial witnessed the conflict and returned to Metz to dinner.

LONDON, Aug. 3.—The following is given to-day as the number and disposition of the Prussian army: The Duke of Mecklenburg commands 10,805 men at the mouth of the River Elbe; Falkenstein has 68,000. The army of the Rhine consists of the following bodies, 80,000 Men at Coblenz under Steinitz; 180,000 at the junction of the Maine with the Rhine under Prince Frederick Charles, and 166,000 along the upper Rhine under Prince Royal, Frederick William, chiefs of staff are Moltke, Blumenthal, Sparing and Steple. Three hundred pounds are paid in Paris for substitute and are scarce.

It is understood all war correspondents have been finally expelled from both lines.

Horses are said to be scarce in both Germany and France.

The Germans need them for cavalry, the French for artillery. The Danish press is favorable to France. Dutch troops now occupy Harlem and Utrecht, and various points on the Yazzle.

It is said that Mad'le Nilson is paid 25,000 pounds sterling, for six months, the contract to sing in the United States, she is to receive 5,000 pounds as a gift, on starting for America.

BERLIN, Aug. 3.—King William has issued a proclamation, at Mayence, assuming supreme command.

PARIS, August 2.—Reports from headquarters received up to 1 o'clock this morning indicate no change in the military situation. The Figaro of to-day announces the death of Gen. Ganal, commanding a subdivision at Strasburg.

BERLIN, August 3.—The Prussian account of the affair at Saarbrücken states that a column of French infantry attacked that place yesterday evening, who were repulsed.

There is a rumor in circulation here that the French have stormed Weissenburg, a town on the Palatenat.

WASHINGTON, August 3.—The following is a summary of the Foreign news:

Saarbrück was captured in only two hours. The elau of the French is great. Loss of life small. The Prince Imperial is with the Emperor, and received his baptism of fire with the sang froid worthy the name he bears.

Berlin advises to noon yesterday are silent regarding Saarbrück.

Gladstone concluded some explanation in the Commons by saying that further remonstrance now can be the only course for England to seek a safe opportunity for a renewal of efforts in favor of peace.

There is some confusion in dates, but it is regarded here as certain that the French have captured Saarbrück. The English and Berlin dispatches call the place Saarbrücken.

From England.

LONDON, August 9.—The following official dispatch is dated at Hamburg, in Patinate, 9:45 A. M., August 8th: "Yesterday after the battle of Woerth, the enemy retired in the greatest disorder. The French artillery endeavored to make a stand at Niederbrun, but that town was taken by the Bavarians and the enemy retired on the route to Bistche. The cavalry of Wurtemberg captured the enemy's stores and four pieces of artillery at Reichsholen. The dead and wounded covered

the route of the retreating army. This morning we have occupied Hagenau, evacuated by the enemy. The German troops hold both banks of the Saar, having occupied Sarreguemines and Forbach after slight resistance by the French."

Woman's Rights.

BY MRS. MOSE SKINNER.

Miss President, fellow-women, and male trash generally—I am here to-day for the purpose of discussing woman's rights re-enslaving her wrongs, and cussing the men. I believe the sexes were created perfectly equal, with the woman a little more equal than the man. I also believe that the world would-to-day be happier if man had never existed. As a success man is a failure, and I bless my stars that my mother was a woman. (Applause.)

I not only maintain these principles, but I maintain a shiftless husband besides.

They say man was created first. S'posin' he was! Ain't first experiments always failures? If I was a betting man, I'd bet two dollars and a half that they are.—The only decent thing about him anyhow was a rib, and that went to make something better. (Applause.)

And then they throw it in our face about Eve taking that apple. I'll bet five dollars Adam boosted her up in the tree and only gave her the core. And what did he do when he was found out? True to his masculine instincts, he sneaked behind Eve's Grecian Bend, and said, "Twasn't me, 'twas her," and women has had to father everything mean since, and mother it too.

What we want is the ballot, and the ballot we're bound to have, if we let down our back hair and swim in a sea of sanguinary gore. (Sensation.) Bring up your little daughters to love and adore the ballot, and when they are old and sawny they will not depart from it. Teach them that man occupies no position that woman cannot fill, even to a pair of pants. Teach them that without the ballot woman is simply a cooking and washing machine; that with it she can just rule her little roost. Give 'em little ballots to play with. We have plenty of ballot girls, but what we want is ballot women.

The male creature now sitting on this platform, whom the law compels me to call husband, says I've got ballot on the brain. He says I sleep with a ballot under my pillow, and dream I'm commander-in-chief of a large army of ballots, and am cleaning out everything that looks like a male sex, while the band plays, "See the conquering shero cometh." Such remarks prove that man was created lower than the beasts of the sea, the carion of the air, or the rhinoceros upon the prairies. And what can be expected from this man Skinner, whose intellect is lower than that of a common quahaug. (Applause.)

My soul is filled with poetry and sentiment, and his vulgar remarks grate on my ear, and when I hear persons use expressions that are not refined and genteel, I want to go through 'em like brimstone and molasses. ("Hear! hear!")

I'm astonished there ain't more interest manifested in this absorbing topic. This hall ought to be packed from dome to ceiling, and a couple hundred climbing up the lightning-rod outside. A short time ago I addressed an immense throng on Boston Common; at least thirty-seven persons including men and women of both sexes, who stood packed together for at least fifteen minutes hanging on my words, the enthusiasm finally reaching such a pitch that they insisted on burning my effigy to slow music.

And we're bound to succeed. Our speakers don't lack brains or influence, but there's one thing I wished they did lack, and that is their desire for a husband. No matter how rabid a woman is on this question, or how much she talks against the men on the platform, she'll grab the first one that offers himself, and turn right straight round, and that's where we're weak. Most women seem to think they were made for one

purpose, and that was to have Mrs. on their tombstone. They'd better be missed all their lives, and when they die the more they're missed the better.

From the creation of the world we've had all the great men on our side. There's Pharaoh.—What did Pharaoh do. Recognizing the fact that women must inevitably rule, he issued an order to strangle all the male children. If this thing hadn't slipped by 'twould be money in our pockets. Mr. Pharaoh is dead now, and hadn't forethought enough to leave the business to some good man. Among those who escaped justice at this time was a youth named Moses, of bulrush fame, and since then every Mose has been a wart on the face of Nature, including the wretched object whose rear name I am enumbered with. (Cries of "That's so!" and "Put him out!")

No, you shall not put him out. Neither shall he go on his own accord. When we get home I will show him what one solitary woman can accomplish for this great cause with her good right arm. (Applause.)

Herod was also a woman's rights man. He ordered all the male children to be slain, and what sweeter proof could we have that Herod's head was level?

My dear sisters, we can't all be Herods, but we can wear his taint next our hearts, and press onward to the goal.

I ain't got time to enunciate all the talented men that have taken this view of the thing.—Capt. Wirz done very well at Andersonville, but his sphere was limited.

Coming down to the present day, where do we find women? We don't find her. In ten cases out of nine she finds herself.—Come with me to the worst portion of our great city. After ascending thirty-one flights of rickety stairs, what do we find? A miserable basement. In one corner sits a wretched woman, once the belle of the city. She makes vests. Twenty-four vests for a cent. Not a morsel of food has passed her lips since fall. Around her are fourteen children crying for bread. But, alas! she ain't got no bread, but with tears in her eyes she mournfully divides among them the last half of a tallow candle.

Have I overdrawn this picture? No, sir. And if any man dares to say I have, I'll guarantee to send him home on a shutter in less than ten minutes. (Emotion in the audience.)

But, my dear sisters, I am not here simply to touch your pockets also. A thing of this kind can't go on without money, and I hereby call upon four of the most able-bodied sisters, who feel that 'tis sweet to be on their muscle, to pass around the hat. Think of the greatness of our cause, and its effect on thousands of ancestors still unborn. Think of your altered firesides, where widowed mothers with dissipated husbands press their orphan children to their bosoms. Think, O, think, of George Washington at Mr. Valley's forge, barefooted and—shell out.

(This appeal was so moving that a majority of the audience moved toward the door. About seven dollars and a half was collected, however, which went for Mrs. Skinner's new set of cork-screw curls. After putting the amount in her reticule, and planning her right foot firmly upon it she proceeded.)

My dear friends, I must now bid you adieu, but I will be with you again when times are better, for I intend to agitate this question till we get our rights, and whatever we can sponge besides. I will agitate it till my breath gives out and my wig turns gray.

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Lately much improved—and the new Universal Clothes Wringer.

Improved with Rowell's Patent Double Cog-Wheels, and the Patent Stop, are now unquestionably far superior to any apparatus for washing clothes ever invented, and will save their cost twice a year, by saving labor and clothes.

Southern people who have used them testify as follows:

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It contains the surest and only certain method to keep Eggs Fresh and Sweet for at least one year. The cost is less than half a cent per dozen and by this method Eggs bought at eight and ten cents a dozen during the summer, can be kept and sold in the winter for from thirty to fifty cents. When once known this method will take the place of all others.

It does not tarnish the Egg or give it the appearance of age.

When offered for sale it cannot be told either by appearance of quality from a Fresh Laid Egg.

It contains the best receipt ever published of rendering sour and rancid butter perfectly sweet, and also how to give a uniform and natural color to White and Smeared Butter, and the best manner of mixing and repacking butter for market.

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